# THE PACIFIC

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### WHERE REST IS.

Who dwelleth in that secret place,
  Where tumult enters not,
Is never cold with terror base,
  Never with anger hot;
For if an evil host should
  His very heart invest,
God is his deeper heart, and there
  He enters into rest.

When mighty sea-winds madly blow,
  And tear the scattered waves,
Peaceful as summer woods, below
  The darkling ocean caves;
The wind of words may toss my heart,
  But what is that to me!
'Tis but a surface storm—Thou art
  My deep, still, resting sea.

—George MacDonald.

Pacific Theological Seminary Berkeley, Cal.

# THE PACIFIC

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## THE DAILY PAPERS AND PROHIBITION.

The leading daily papers in California are either silent as to the proposed prohibitory amendments or are putting into their columns much thereon that is misleading and false.

Frequently whole page liquor advertisements appear and the owners of the papers are thus stamped as persons desirous of making money rather than as desiring to acquaint their readers with facts as to the great questions of the times.

On the last Sunday in July the Los Angeles Times contained an article purporting to emanate from Seattle concerning which the Seattle Times said on the fourth of August:

Three and twothirds columns of space in last Sunday's Los Angeles Times were devoted to liquor interest propaganda purporting to emanate from Seattle and calculated to show that this city is in terrible financial and moral straits because—forsooth—there are no saloons in which the public mind may be elevated and public purses filled!

"Under the heading 'Seattle Finds Prohibition Is a Spectacular Failure,' the assertion is made that;

'Realty Values Tumble; Rents Drop, Capital Is Scared Off; the Taxes Are Raised and Tourists Are Driven Away, While City's Morals Also Suffer.'

In other words, the campaign of misrepresentation, civic slander—and worse—is on. Of course the reason is plain. Prohibition is rearing its saloon-destroying head in the Southland and something must be done to offset the efficient work of the prohibitionists. What more natural than a repetition of former misrepresentations?

After reading the cleverly concocted 'story' of Seattle's moral and financial degradation, the Editor of The Times today telegraphed the Editor of The Los Angeles Times, asking permission to reply to the allegations in the article of last Sunday as the best means of putting the real facts before the readers who already have seen the liquor side of the question."

We wonder whether the Los Angeles Times will even now publish the facts. They have been accessible for months. The Los Angeles Times and all the daily papers about San Francisco bay and elsewhere could have given long ago, if they had desired, a large amount of information showing that the prohibitory enactments in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Arizona and Colorado were working in a thoroughly satisfactory way, and were the means of great good.

The managers of these papers are without excuse. Either they have had the facts and have supressed them; or they have made no attempt to get them, and have thus set the people to wondering whether they are lacking in enterprise or are mercenary or cowardly.

This can be said to the credit of the San Francisco and Oakland daily papers: None of them have as yet fought the amendments, as some other papers have.

The New York Post prints in a prominent place in its columns each day this paragraph taken from its Prospectus, November 16, 1801:

"The design of this paper is to diffuse among the people correct information on all interesting subjects, to inculate just principles in religion, morals, and politics; and to cultivate a taste for sound literature."

We wish more papers would have that as their design and live up to it. O, well, there are better days coming. Selfinterest is being gradually burned out of men.

Men were created for God and for his righteousness; and hearts are restless till they rest in him.

## DR. AKED'S EXPERIENCES AT STOCKHOLM.

Eastern papers have been giving in brief interviews some of Dr. Aked's experiences on the Ford Peace Expedition. The Springfield Republican remarks:

"Dr. Aked's revelations regarding the proceedings of the peace conference have at least the interest of history. The American clergyman was chairman, but was obliged to proceed under Scandinavian rules which enabled any man to speak as often on any topic as he chose, and among the subjects brought up were Cochin-China, women's suffrage. Philippines, free trade, the internationalization of the Panama canal and straits of Gibraltar. Weary Dr. Aked says that some of these irrelevant themes were discussed for half a day before they were voted down. Whereas Dr. Aked had hoped that the conference of last spring would adopt a mere creed, what came out of it was an address to the governments and the peoples of the belligerent nations.

"Nowhere was there welcome for such an utterance, but everywhere, 'it aroused contempt, censure or anger.' It was such a declaration as might have come 'from a conference of hatters and March hares' is the bitter conclusion of the man who has had enough of it.

## STITT WILSON'S TOURS IN THE INTEREST OF A SALOONLESS CALIFORNIA.

Mr. J. Stitt Wilson, Christian Socialist, temperance orator, and worker in various good causes, has been doing fine service for some time in the campaign against the saloons. He has reached thousands of people who would not have been reached otherwise.

He says concerning his work:

"My son Gladstone and I have toured twenty-five counties by auto. We traveled 2000 miles, making nearly one hundred speeches. We held from two to five meetings daily, arranging as a rule three. We have reached thousands of people that could never be reached in any other way."

"We relieved each other on the stump as we did at the wheel—Gladstone usually made the first speech at each stop, whipping the street crowds into order.

"I tell you the plain, thoughtful, home-loving people of

this State, are getting ready with grim determination to give John Barleycorn a wallop.

"I find fathers and mothers resolved that the liquor traffic, enthroned in the open saloon, or skulking behind a grape-vine, shall not pull down the toil and expense of twenty years of love and care upon their boys.

"I find the working classes waking up to the simple fact that the liquor traffic is a colossal thief, a sort of legalized social bandit, that hails them with a glad hand on Saturday night but robs them before midnight, and sends them back unfitted for the home or the shop."

Mr. Wilson opened his tour of the south at Los Angeles Wednesday night of this week.

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## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Columbia University has adopted a four million dollar budget for 1916-'17.

The Rev. Dr. John McNeil goes each week to Canada after preaching in the Central Presbyterian Church, New York City, and preaches every day of the week to the soldiers who are being prepared for the trench war in Europe.

At Toledo, Ohio, the school board has voted to dismiss scholars certain periods each week that they may go to their churches and there receive Biblical instruction. Credit for this work will count for graduation just the same as credit given for work done in the schools. Toledo is the largest city in the United States to take this step, which goes beyond the Gary plan in granting credits for work done.

At a recent assemblage in London the Prime Minister of Australia declared that there would be conditions arising out of the war which would be more difficult of settlement than the war itself. Inasmuch as England now has the biggest job on her hands that she has ever had and the difficulties in settling the war are appalling, we may well wonder to what the world is coming? Verily, this is "the end of an age." Society is about to be revolutionized.

Think of it! Verily the world does move! Here is a news item of the last week: "The Idaho Republican state platform indorses national prohibition and also declares that its promises to the state are not fulfilled until the adoption of the constitutional amendment, which will be submitted to the electors in November, and which provides constitutionally for state-wide prohibition under the present statute. The Democratic platform indorses prohibition by statutory enactment and by constitutional amendment but does not designate either the nation or the state directly. Such a stand was impossible only a few years ago

Senator Phelan of California said in a recent speech in the United States Senate: "These Irish revolutionists have been actuated by the highest motives. What they have done has been a matter of racial pride to the men of their blood throughout the world. George Bernard Shaw has said that there was no turpitude in their offense, because their motives were singularly pure. The men who have already been condemned and basely shot—political offenders—by drumhead courtmartial were the poets and the dreamers of Ireland, men of high literary, attainments, pure spirits seeking something, perhaps unattainable, because we know the power of England; but we can have but respect even if they led a forlorn hope in the pursuit of that object of their dreams, the independence of their native land. It would ill become the American Senate to refuse to offer sympathy and for them to ask for clemency."

The New York Times has had some articles latterly concerning a Church flag. A Pasadena correspondent writes: "In connection with the communications regarding a Church flag I should like to call attention to the fact that the national colors come from the Church. The colors were given to Moses when he was instructed by God as to the building of the tabernacle. They were used in the tabernacle, later in the temple, and were taken over by the early Christian Church. The Sarum Use—red, white, and blue—was always used at Salisbury, and the Church of England gave these colors to the State for the national ensign, and, in turn, when the American flag was designed, it took its colors from those of the mother country, changing only their arrangement and design. The Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul at Washington, D. C., is pleading for national acceptance of the Sarum Use, which has been adopted in some churches and cathedrals."

It is said of Norman W. Harris, the Chicago banker and philanthropist, whose death occurred last month, that he built up a large fortune in a thoroughly open and admirable way, "recognizing to the full not just the ordinary ethics of our feverish commercial ways, but the stricter and more humane ethics of the Sermon on the Mount." "He impressed his associates, even his competing associates, with the high character of his business principles and his strict integrity. His word was sufficient in any transaction. With increasing fortune came increasing responsibility for a wise and Christian administration of it. To this he gave both thought and prayer. It was of deep concern to him that he fulfill the Christian ideal of the faithful steward". We wish there might be introduced into the methods of some of the business men hereabout more of the humane ethics of the Sermon on the Mount—and there be less desire to scrap enterprises in their own selfish interests.

An Eastern banker remarked recently: "I wish we were not so prosperous: I wish Europe were not making itself so poor. We of the United States must live in the same world with the people of Europe, and must go on trading with one another. A slowing down in business would be a fine thing for the United States. I see all about me a justification of the principle that people can face adversity more easily than they can stand prosperity. We are becoming extravagant, wasteful; the people of Europe are saving hard and desperately. What must the outcome be? This, if we are not careful; the cutting away of our markets from us. The people abroad are learning efficiency by reason of the war. We are acquiring inefficiency by reason of the rapid growth of wealth coming out of the war. America's rich men have for two years been growing more numerous, and the poor have been growing fewer. The richer a man becomes, the less he feels it necessary to work. And conversely, the poorer he becomes the more industriously he finds it necessary to work."

The Missionary Herald for August has this note: "We learn with gratification that Rev. W. W. Scudder, the well-known Home Missionary Superintendent of the State of Washington, has consented to leave his present work and to join forces with Secretary Herring in promoting throughout the denomination the special plans for the Pilgrim Tercentenary. Mr. Scudder will bring to this highly important task a very unusual experience in the way of preparation. Born in India, of the famous Scudder family, his

education and ministerial experience have been in the United States. He thus combines in an ideal way the foreign and the home interests. In his work as superintendent in Washington he has taken pains to have every church under his care well-grounded in all the missionary work of the denomination, and particularly in the work of the American Board. He has interpreted his position in the broadest possible way, and the Board owes it to him in no small measure that the Washington churches are showing so much interest in the work over the seas. We bespeak for Mr. Scudder a hearty welcome wherever he goes among our churches, not only on account of the breadth and intelligence of his missionary interest, but because he will be able to serve all the interests of the denomination in an effective way. Perhaps no Congregational organization has a deeper interest in the fivefold program of the Tercentenary Commission than the American Board. The educational features of this plan, together with the great financial objective, offer a splendid opportunity for the advancement of the foreign work in conjunction with the other interests of the denomination. We trust our readers, and particularly our pastors, wil keep informed of the various steps in the program, and that they will stand ready to back them up."

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## INDIA'S MESSAGE TO JAPAN THROUGH RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

Under the caption of "India's Message to Japan" the Japanese American News tells of the visit of Rabindranath Tagore to Japan enroute to the United States. The News says:

"Tagore arrived in Japan early last month and was, judging from the reports of the press, welcomed with enthusiastic yet subtle demonstrations of affection and respect such as has never been shown a foreign visitor by the Japanese. True, distinguished personages representing foreign courts or governments have been received with more elaborate ceremonies and greater ostentations, but it is doubtful if any of such visitors has ever been welcomed, so to speak, into the hearts of the people, as Tagore has evidently been. The attitude of the Japanese towards the great poet is one of yearning, of profound respect bordering upon reverence. This is obvious from the articles and editorials in Japanese newspapers dealing with Tagore's sojourn.

As to Tagore's prospective visit to the United States a very interesting view has been advanced by an Indian student in Tokyo, who, in an interview with newspaper representatives, stated that Sir Rabindranath was requested by the British Government to come to America and employ his influence for the alleviation of the anti-British propaganda which is being carried on by Hindu reformers in our country. The poet, the Indian student is reported to have said, will not, of course, make himself a tool of the British Government.

Upon his arrival at Kobe, Tagore expressed to press reporters a keen disappointment at the imitation of the West, which was the first thing that greeted his eyes. At Shizuoka, a little city lying midway between Tokyo and Osaka, Tagore for the first time since his arrival in Japan felt at home, for here a Buddhist priest, garbed in simple, flowing garment and with delicious incense burning by his side, was at the station to welcome him. In Tokyo he was welcomed not only by scholars, men of letters and high priests, but by princes of the blood and foremost statesmen and publicists of the empire.

The only lecture which he was persuaded to deliver while in Japan was given at the Tokyo Imperial University. The burden of the address was an earnest appeal that the Japanese, though he may freely adopt Western machinery of industry and trade, must forever strive to preserve the soul which has been instrumental in the rapid progress of his country in the past half century. He paid unstinted eulogy for Japan's modern achievements which are now awakening the whole Orient. "Japan has taught us," he said, "that we must learn the watchword of the age, in which we live, and answer has to be given to the sentinel of time, if we must escape annihilation; she has sent forth her word over Asia, that the old seed has the life germ in it, only it has to be planted in the soil of the new age."

Warning his audience not to be blinded by the dazzling light of Western civilization, Tagore said:

"The real truth is that science is not man's nature; it is mere knowledge and training. By knowing the laws of the material universe you do not change your deeper humanity. You can borrow knowledge from others, but you cannot borrow temperament. * *

"Japan has imported her food from the West, but not her vital nature. Japan cannot altogether lose and merge herself in the scientific paraphernalia she has acquired from the West and be turned into a mere borrowed machine. She has her own soul which must assert itself over all her requirements. That she is capable of doing so, and that the process of assimilation is going on, have been amply proved by the signs of vigorous health that she exhibits. And I earnestly hope that Japan may never lose her faith in her own soul in the mere pride of her foreign acquisition. For that pride itself is a humiliation, ultimately leading to poverty and weakness. It is the pride of the fop who sets more store on his new head-dress than on his head itself. * * *

"You cannot with a light heart accept the modern civilization with all its tendencies, methods and structures, and dream that they are inevitable. You must apply your Eastern mind, your spiritual strength, your love of simplicity, your recognition of social obligation, in order to cut out a new path for this great unwieldly car of progress, shrieking out its loud discords as it runs. You must minimize the immense sacrifice of man's life and freedom that it claims in its every movement. For generations you have felt and thought and worked, enjoyed and worshipped in your own special manner; and this cannot be cast of like old clothes. It is in your blood, in the marrow of your bones, in the texture of your flesh, in the tissue of your brains; and it must modify everything you lay your hands upon, without you knowing, even against your wishes. Once you planed the problems of man to your own satisfaction, you had your philosophy of life and evolved your own art of living. All this you must apply to the present situation and out of it will arise new creation, and not a mere repetition, a creation which the soul of your people will own for itself and proudly offer to the world as its tribute to the welfare of man. Of all countries in Asia, here in Japan you have the freedom to use the materials you have gathered from the West according to your genius and your need. You are fortunately not hampered from the outside, therefore your responsibility is all the greater, for in your voice Asia shall answer the questions that Europe has submitted to the conference of

man. In your land the experiments will be carried on by which the East will change the aspects of the modern civilization, infusing life in it where it is a machine, substituting the human heart for cold expediency, not caring so much for power and success as for harmonious and living growth, for truth and beauty. * * *

"I cannot help thinking that it is only the divine in man that can perform this miracle of transmuting the old into the new, the weak into the strong, the insult into a glorious victory. And that divine in you was born, not in these sordid days of screeching machinery and gigantic selfishness, not amidst the blatant lies of statecraft and the smug self-satisfaction of prosperous hypocrisy, but in the dawnlight of that heroic manhood when heaven came nearer the earth, and man had faith in his own soul and the soul whose revelation is the world."

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## "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER" AND "LONG LIVE THE POPE.'

The Catholics of San Francisco dedicated on a recent Sunday afternoon a fine new school building for St. Paul's parish. Archbishop Hanna gave an address in which he said:

"The Catholic school is a vital necessity to-day because the world is passing through a serious crisis. Men have been saying that knowledge, democracy, brotherhood, liberty, would save the world. Now in the crash of cannon and the clang of weapons, liberty has given way to martial law, brotherhood to international hatred, and democracy to despotism. Science has not saved the world.

"There is no other name given to men by which they may be saved except that of Christ. The children who are the future Church must be brought to the knowledge of Christ through Whom comes the healing of the nations and the salvation of the world. They must be taught the dignity of man, his dependence on God and God's care of man, his duties toward his fellow men and obedience to the laws of God.

"To do this well the Catholic home and the Catholic school are necessary. The children must be trained in a Catholic atmosphere and in Catholic principles if the world is to be saved from drifting back to paganism. This work will require all the intelligence, zeal and effort at the command of the Church if the home is to be kept a sanctuary, the family a stable, lasting and sacred union, and the future generation won to the service and worship of Christ.

"St. Paul's parish is to be congratulated on having one of the finest Catholic school equipments on the Pacific Coast, where the children will be placed in charge of consecrated Sisters, who will bring them up in the love and fear of God, and in knowledge of and loyalty to Christ and His Church. In secular branches the instruction will be second to none, but in training the character to honesty, truth, purity, and all virtue, it will form law-abiding citizens, and good Christians who are so much needed n the country today, where lawlessness and lack of religion are causing men to drift from the ideals of the Fathers who believed in God and law and order as the foundations of national greatness."

Several hundred children sang hymns and songs among which were, "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Long Live the Pope." The words of the latter were:

"Long live the Pope! his praises sound
  Again and yet again:
His rule is over space and time;
  His throne the hearts of men;
All hail the Shepherd-King of Rome,
  The theme of loving song:
Let all the earth his glory sing,
  And heav'n the strain prolong.

"Beleaguered by the foes of earth,
  Beset by hosts of hell,
He guards the loyal flock of Christ,
  A watchful sentinel;
And yet, amid the din and strife,
  The clash of mace and sword,
He bears alone the Shepherd staff,
  This champion of the Lord.

"His signet is the fisherman's
  No scepter does he bear;
  In meek and lowly majesty
  He rules from Peter's Chair;
And yet from ev'ry tribe and tongue,
  From ev'ry clime and zone,
Three hundred million voices sing,
  The glory of his throne.

"Then raise the chant, with heart and voice
  In church and school and home:
Long live the Shepherd of the Flock;
  Long live the Pope of Rome
Almighty Father, bless his work,
  Protect him in his ways,
Receive his prayers, fulfill his hopes,
  And grant him length of days."

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## THE REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON AND CITY TEMPLE.

Some of the Eastern papers have announced that the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has been called as the successor of the Rev. Reginald J. Campbell at City Temple, London. This is probably not correct as yet. But it seems that a call is likely to be extended. Mr. Newton was invited to preach there in July, and his coming was heralded widely. The Christian Commonwealth printed each week for some time sermons given by him here in this country.

A London correspondent of a Leicester paper wrote in June:

"Fort Newton, who is to preach at the City Temple next month, has no reason to complain about the gentlemen who are acting, so to speak, as his advance agents. They have given him a boom which transatlantic energy could hardly have excelled.

"There is very little about the doctor's public and private life that has been withheld from the British public in the last few weeks, and the work of collecting information does not appear to have been hampered by any undue reticence on his own part. That he will succeed Mr. Campbell appears to be generally believed, though of course the City Temple will have to decide, and I am told that they are not all so sure on the subject as some outsiders are."

On the 2d of July the London Weekly Dispatch contained the following:

"There has come to London a remarkable man—a man with a still more remarkable message. Londoners will hear him today for the first time at the City Temple, and I—who know the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, DLitt.—have

no hesitation in predicting that during the next month the City Temple will decide to ask their visitor from Cedar Rapids Town, U. S. A., to succeed the Rev. R. J. Campbell. Among the many churches, creeds and jarring sects of the kingdom the City Temple stands for something peculiar and apart. As a member for many years I have come to know that it is the soul rather than the outer form of religion that appeals to the congregation. And Dr. Fort Newton, in coming east, should help us to reinterpret the spiritual essence and underlying fraternity of all religions.

"He is still a young man, forty on July 21; big physically, he has gentle ways. His spiritual pilgrimage has been a romance. From a Baptist seminary through non-sectarianism and universalism to a small out-of-the-way little ministry, to a liberal Christian church founded upon freedom, friendship and brotherhood—it is that which has brought Dr. Newton on a pilgrimage to the heart of the metropolis.

"Six years ago an intense longing to find himself carried him from the city turmoil of St. Louis to the woodland glades of Cedar Rapids, to a quaint, deserted church of twenty members. And there he has built something new and strange among surroundings more Bohemian than Paris—an order of intelligence higher than in some of the proudest New England States.

"His ministry but begins with the pulpit. Compared with the hundreds who know the preacher hundreds of thousands are students of his books. He reverses the orthodox custom; first he delivers his sermon, then he writes it out. And his sermons for many years have been published each week in the American press.

"Among his congregations today at the City Temple Masons will be in a large proportion. Dr. Newton also edits the monthly journal of the largest body of Masonic students in the world; thereby he has come in touch with many distinguished members of the fraternity."

The Christian Science Monitor has a column with the caption "People in the News." In that Mr. Newton is sketched thus:

"Joseph Fort Newton of Cedar Rapids Ia., who has been called to the pastorate of City Temple, London, England, is a Texan, without much academic training, who entered the ministry of the Baptist (Southern) church and had his first charge in Paris, Tex. More liberal in his theology than his fellow sectarians, he resigned, moved to St. Louis and became a leader in a non-sectarian church. Later he moved to Dixon, Ill., and founded a people's church. In 1908 he was chosen pastor of the Liberal Christian church of Cedar Rapids. He has been a prolific author of books dealing with religion, ethics and Masonry. He is an associate editor of Unity, the Chicago liberal weekly, and also editor of The Builder, the official organ of the National Masonic Research Society. City Temple in London, where he has been preaching this summer, is best known to the American clergy and laity through its former pastors, Joseph Parker and Reginald J. Campbell."

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No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—Phillips Brooks.

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The highest compact we can make with our fellow is: let there be truth between us two for evermore.—Emerson.

## CLIMBING—THE SPIRITUAL ASCENT.

### A Yosemite Conference Address by the Rev. Roy H. Campbell.

The Rev. Roy H. Campbell, pastor of Calvary Congregational Church, Oakland, gave an address at the Congregational Conference in Yosemite, on the foregoing topic. He said in part:

There are certain words we are accustomed to use when we wish to speak of different phases of Christian experience. Some of them we get from the Bible. Some have come to us from the lips of great religious leaders. Others have simply won their place by common consent. "Salvation" is one. When divested of the clap trap and noise with which it is sometimes associated that word stands for an experience in human life of inestimable value. Restore it to its original meaning and how fresh, how strong, it is! We shall always use it. We know too well the lift of the head, the set of the will, the grateful heart, the reenergizing of the whole life which that word signifies, when it becomes clothed in flesh and blood. "Sanctification" is another. That it is sometimes uttered with a glib tongue and an oily voice we well know. It becomes a thing of ugliness when any one of us appropriates it to describe our own experience. But we shall always be glad that we have it ready to hand to apply to those whose lives have touched ours, full of unselfish deeds, gentle, strong, and owned by the Master. We shall always have need of this word. "Self-surrender" is still another. If it stands, not for an attitude of skulking when the time has come to fight nor for an easy passiveness when the hour has struck for assertion, but for that subordination of personal desire to a noble and worthy purpose which makes one forgetful of all save the goal to be achieved it becomes a term which we shall never lay aside. These words and others like them hold sure place in our affection. The term used for my theme this morning however has for many of us a place of equal esteem—the "Spiritual Ascent." It was no doubt given by the program committee because of the ready parallel offered in these cliffs about us; but let me suggest that for far weightier reasons it is a term which may well take a high place among the words describing our Christian life.

One reason for such an appraisal we see at once. It covers the whole range of our Christian experience. Each of these other terms portrays a single episode, this term covers them all. It is the climb from the foot to the top, of which these others are turns and rises of the trail. No matter how outstanding in our Christian life a single experience may become we know that the challenge of a spiritual ascent always stands ready to call out our unused energies. Indeed any undue exaltation of an individual experience, whether it be that initial moral and spiritual resolve which when consciously answered by our Lord becomes to us no less than salvation, or any renewal of that rich and blessed intercourse along the way, may became for us a check, if we allow it, in that upward steady advance in which the Master delights. Lot's wife, so the story goes, was halted on the plain because her eyes were directed to the rear.

Then, again, it signifies a universal experience. The spiritual ascent—it is for every man that cometh into the world. There come at certain times those who appear to us to escape the hard necessity of a climb. They already seem to be in possession of unusual spiritual energy which they have been given by the right of birth. They have

covered the trail without the expenditure of that sweat and blood which seems the portion of the rest of us if we are to gain any place along the commanding heights. They possess what we are pleased to call spiritual insight. And when we meet them we are glad to give them tribute. Such an one was John Mc Lean, and John Muir, of whom we have head in this assembly. They were able to see innumerable messengers upon the mountain sides, like Elisha of old, where we stand with eager but unseeing eyes. But I fancy if we were to look into the processes which went on within them we would find some such struggle as we all are heir to. Be that as it may the rank and file of us have before us a trail which we must follow steadily if we are to win the heights. Our spiritual advance comes not in the main by some gift, or sudden illumination, but by the unflagging will, and undefeated energy which purposes to dwell on the mountainside with God. We are tempted to ask sometimes why it is that the spiritual life must be described by the word "ascent" with all the struggle and expended energy which that word acquaints us in this valley. Why should we not be born fully equipped to understand life, with character already won without the necessary of moral achievement, with faith already assured and no doubts to be conquered and put to flight? It would be folly for me to attempt to answer that question. If an unrelenting search for such an answer with the aid of the theologian and philosopher teaches us anything it is that such questions defy one. Life is not to be held up on the road and made to stand and deliver. But here in the experiences of yesterday are suggestions which may help us understand. The Ledge Trail over yonder is not made for the automobile. It is scarcely made for the feet. In certain places it requires both the feet and the hands backed up by the will. It is a hard climb to Glacier Point. When we had scaled the formidable old rock with much sweat and toil there at the rim we found, equipped with unsoiled collars and unru ed equanimity those who at the same hour had started with us from the valley below. They had come in comfort in the automobile. There they stood with us and gazed at the grassy cup of the meadow the river and camps at our feet. "How far it is" we all exclaimed. But I venture to say that I know the distance from the valley to the top better than those who came on the cushions of the Jeffrey. I know it not only with my eyes, I have it written down in every straining muscle of my body. in every cell of my lungs, in every beat of my heart. I have appropriated that beetling cliff. It is my own.

Why is it that we are glad to have the lad sit at the piano and assault our ears each day with the tangled notes which come from his unaccustomed fingers? He could later on buy the records which will produce the music of the masters for him. But we know that the music which he wins even with much toil and glances at the clock will be his own. Manual training has won the high place it occupies in the curriculum of our public schools not because of the value of the finished product which our boy or girl brings home to us but because of the value which has been won by the actual hammering and sawing it represents. The dugout, clumsy and illfashioned, made by weeks of toil with his own hands is worth to the boy a thousand times more than the canoe which he could so easily secure in response to his father's check. In some such fashion our spiritual life becomes our own. Our faith, not handed to us by the priest or minister,, but won through doubt and trial, our character, not given to us by divine decree, but shaped up in the face of difficulties becomes part and parcel of our lives. It is this which makes us so eager to listen to the one who addresses us when in simple straightforward fashion he tells of those things in life which his eyes have seen and his hands have touched. And it is this which makes us turn from those who would picture for us a life which they have actually never fronted. When the spiritual ascent has been won in any measure it becomes a possession never to be lost.

It remains to be said that this upward trail is made infinitely easier because there are footsteps already over it clear to the top. We delight to think of Jesus as our Saviour. The tenderness of that word will never be lost. But some of us find great help as well in thinking of him as the trail breaker. He has gone ahead. It is a hard matter to get up over the Ledge Trail in spots, and here and there you must be ready to choose just where your foot shall be planted, to be safe for the next advance, But there is never a spot where you are not certain that someone has been ahead. Half dome stands formidable and forbidding before you. But its terrors are half conquered by the slim hempen rope which stretches up its stony side. Some one has been to the top. The effort and straining of the muscles is but little lessened but the uncertainty and terror of the unknown is all removed. The Master has been up the trail. He has taken every step. He has fronted every danger. He has won the height. It takes courage, and energy and faith to climb. But there is no greater thrill in life than to head up the trail after Him.

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## "DR. McLEAN—NATURE LOVER."

### A Paper by Professor Buckham at the Conference in Yosemite.

In the midst of these glories of mountain and valley, sky and stream, tree and flower, it is fitting and grateful to recall Dr. McLean. No one ever had Doctor McLean for a companion either indoors or out-of-doors or in the pulpit—for he made his hearers his companions, and how companionable he could be in the pulpit!—without speedily discovering that he was an inveterate nature-lover. If you were walking with him your conversation was punctured, often palsied, by the frequency with which his roving eye would catch some object of interest or beauty and call you to share his eager pleasure. If you were talking with him indoors he would carry you out, on the wings of his words, and with vivid description and allusion make you see all things sub specie naturae.

Mountains, streams, trees, birds, flowers—he loved them all with masculine heartiness and feminine tenderness. Miniature graces and majestic sublimities alike appealed to him. He loved to stand in reverence before the burning bush. And upon Sierran Sinais, he watched to see the glory of the Lord pass by. He knew where the springs break out "that run among the mountains": the rushing rivers sang to his soul, and the great pines and sequoias were to him the trees of God.

Dr. McLean was a faithful and accomplished vacation-taker. No one can be such—it hardly needs to be said—who is not, as he was, a hard and happy worker. A perpetual vacation is no vacation at all. Vocation and vacation were most happily harmonized in the life of Dr. McLean. He knew that he needed vacations for his people's

sake as well as his own. In a delightfully engaging account of one of his vacations he thus describes its inception:

"It was discovered that the parson was out of health and needed a vacation. I think the parson himself is entitled to the credit of the discovery in the first instance. And it is doubtful whether any other, unless perhaps his faithful helpmeet, would ever have made the discovery. But he made it. It was one day while reading Murray's Adventures in the Adirondacks, and he communicated it straightway to his wife; informing her at the same time that he thought he should take a vacation.

"Then she made the discovery. And, like a faithful helpmeet as she was, and is, thought as the parson did. She in turn communicated as much, confidentially, to the ladies; and they in turn to their respective husbands. And, so, presently it had come to pass that all the parish had made the discovery—and that is how the discovery was made. The parson was undeniably out of health and needed change.

"But where should he go? What should he do? Vacation was such a novelty to him! Many were the consultations upon this important point, held mainly between the parson, and wife and pocket-book. But extending out also in the same order which the discovery took, through the ladies, their husbands, and the entire constituency. It grieves me to be compelled to record the disgraceful conduct of the pocket-book on this occasion. It proved a most refractory member of the council. It persistently disagreed to every conclusion to which the others would come. A dozen fine schemes did they, one after the other, agree upon. But referred to the pocket-book, that implacable member said, "No!". And when the pocket-book says no, especially a parson's pocket-book, no 'tis. Things looked dark. The parson's resolution about a vacation found itself terribly shaken. He began to wonder if he were really so ill as he had supposed. Whether, after all, he needed a vacation.

"Just at this juncture some Sons of Nimrod came to the rescue. They declared to the parson there was nothing to set one up like—shooting. Still the parson's way was hedged up. In the first place the shooting ground proposed was a great way off, so far as to make the pocket-book collapse by merest mention of it. Secondly, the parson had never fired a gun in all his life! The first of these difficulties the Nimrods laid. One of them luckily—unlike his father of old—held the "inside track" of a railroad. He rubbed his wonderful lamp and lo, there came to the astounded parson—a pass! Difficulty number two the parson himself undertook to overcome. It was true, he admitted to himself, it was true he had never shot. But shooting was in itself a simple thing; he had witnessed it often in his boyhood. Once the gun were loaded, shooting must be easy enough. That mystery mastered, shooting would doubtless be, as the Nimrods said, not only disarmed of terror, but found to have great charms, besides "setting" one "up". So notwithstanding divers misgivings, and even heart-sinkings of the parson's wife, who really expected to see the parson come walking home a cold and blackened corpse, it was definitely settled that the parson should go a shooting. And that to ground of no less celebrity than the Rocky Mountains themselves.

"Then began to arrive the firearms. It was wonderful, the development of firearms in that peaceable parish when once the word went out that the parson was to go a shooting. They poured in upon all sides. It came near happening to the parson as history says it happened to a certain classic virgin who was crushed beneath a mountainous mass of soldiers' shields. He was in danger of perishing under a like accumulation of firearms. As for the good wife, who always from girlhood grew faint at sight of a gun, she did die daily. There were shot guns and rifles, breech loaders and muzzle loaders, single barrels and double barrels, Sharps, Henrys, Ballards, Spencers. Pistols too; Colts, Remington's and Navy. The parson was understood to be going among the Indians. He must go well armed. He had none too much hair upon top of his head now. 'Twere a pity he should come back with less. There were guns to be seen on the front porch, guns in the parlor, guns in the closets, guns in the hall, guns in the study. A stranger would have supposed it to be the rendezvous of some terrible desperado, instead of the abode of a peaceable parson. Guns everywhere. One account even says that the parson absentmindedly put a gun which had come in quite late at night into his bed and then stood himself out in the hall until morning. But this is discredited."

Then follows a description of how the parson shot "the bigger door, the little door, and standing not too far off could, with his shot gun, even hit a quite small board." Then it was that as his thirst for game grew "evil entered the parson's heart as touching the old house cat." He yielded, but the cat escaped. When at last his practice was complete he started with his Nimrod friends for the Rocky Mountains and brought back everything that he went for—except game. It is to be feared however that he had better luck with a gun in later years, else Mr. Sill would never have called him "Dan'l Boone." But we will drop the curtain upon this scene.

Once out in the open woods the call of the wild came strongly upon him. "It would have been so easy then." he writes, "for the parson to become a happy vagabond!" "His feet were almost gone—off after his wistful eyes up among the mountain fastnesses. It is by the very narrowest of chances that the parson did not become "an applicant" for government beef and blanket, and dabbling in vermillion paint instead of Thaddeus David's ink. There was the clear, blue sky, the softly-gurgling, icecold crystal water (this time he was fishing); the flowers; the mountains, and, more than all, the exhilerant atmosphere." But the parson always came back from his vacation,—and that a better as well as a healthier man, bringing the mountains and woods with him—so to speak—and passing them around among his people.

The passions of the "natural man," when he gets back to nature, he succeeded, at least in his later years, in quelling—excepting one form of it—the furor fiscendi. Yet it was ever the fishing rather than the fish that lured him—as he himself tells us in Mondaygraph III in which he describes how as a boy he went fishing for suckers "into the downstream darkness" of Ivory Brook. "Ah, isn't this joy?" 'spearing" with Lihu and Calvin. We don't get any fish yet; it's too early in the evening. But no matter; the fish are of little account. It's the fishing we care for."

It is too often the case that the Nature-lover is that only. He will go into ecstacies over a mountain or a flower but see no beauty in a human character or the face of a child. Dr. McLean was not like that. This son of the mountains seemed to deepen his love of men and women, and the comeliness of a child was dearer for his affection for the flower. Nature and human nature were not antagonizing but harmonizing interests in him. God was revealed to him in the dawn of day but still more in the dawn of the Spirit in the soul. The Presence was felt by him

in the light of setting suns but still more in the evening calm and beauty of a good and loving life. He loved fishing, and was skilled in it, but he was still more skilled as a fisher of men.

Doctor McLean was an ardent and insatiable Sierran. He was no provincial. He loved the Rockies, the Alps, the Adirondacks, the Coast Range,—but the Sierra Nevada was his chief joy. Shasta was for many years his favorite shrine, but he knew and loved all these noble ranges and valleys—Whitney, the Kern and King's canyons, the Giant Forest, Tahoe, Tuolumne Meadows. He climbed Mount Whitney in 1903 when almost seventy. Of this incomparable Yosemite Valley and its surroundings needless to say he was very fond. Hither he came on horse-back as well as by stage, how many times I do not know. I wish I could remember and repeat the yarn—perhaps some one of you can—of how he was racing one day across the floor of the Valley when suddenly his mount stumbled and presto he found himself sitting on the ground facing the animal and looking into his astonished and half-amused eyes—a subject for a horse-laugh truly.

But this Valley Wonderful was far more than a playground to him. It was a place to worship. He it was if I am not misinformed who was mainly responsible for the erection of the modest little mountain chapel which so fittingly calls the soul to lift its eyes to the eternal mountains of which those noble heights are but symbols whence cometh help. It was his plan that the Sunday School children of the State should erect the chapel, and he himself did much in raising the funds for it.

He never tried to describe the Valley, so far as I know. He knew better. But that its grandeur and beautiy entered into his soul and made him glad and worshipful—who can doubt? For if ever there were a Nature temple surely it is this Valley with its crystal rivers flowing from beneath the throne of God, its noble pines and firs and incense cedars, types of boundless aspiration, its celestial flowers., fit for Sandalphon's offering, and its majestic heights lit by the glory of God. What soul can here fail to worship "the Maker of the whole earth" and to cry with uplifted soul, "Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory"? Surely not that of Dr. McLean who was so keenly sensitive to the presence of God in Nature and whose feelings among the mountains are expressed in such words of his as these:

"Those vast white gleaming pillars and pinnacles of silver tinged to rose color under the setting sun. It actually seemed as though we were being caught up into a seventh heaven and permitted to see things of which it is not lawful to tell. It was the journey through doubt and darkness up into mystery. But mystery outlining most solid and glorious certainty. One's feet stood on the rock. Enough was disclosed to enchain fancy, kindle imagination and confirm faith. These are the very battlements of heaven. It will not be strange to see them teeming by and with chariots and horsemen."

(In description of the view from Gemmi Pass.)

"There is no room left in the spirit there (he writes of his experience on the summit of Mt. Lincoln) but for God and his great glory. The finite, with all its small stocks of loves and hopes and fears, is swallowed up in Him* * * Range on range of snowy peaks stretch away toward the Pacific, till the eye sinks down into their labyrinths, like a tired bird, exhausted by overflight."

It is certainly most fit and desirable that we and all Californian Christians favoured with so rich and beautiful revelation of the goodness and glory of God in Nature should have a vivid sense of the religious meanings and value of Nature and in shrines like this worship with joy the God of mountain and forest and sky who is also the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. To this end the beloved memory and example of Doctor McLean will prove an unfailing help and inspiration.

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## THE YOSEMITE CONFERENCE.

The Northern California Congregational Conference met this year at Camp Curry in Yosemite Valley. It was the 60th annual session. The Editor of The Pacific did not have the privilege of attending, and our account of the meeting will not be as comprehensive as sometimes in the past.

The Rev. C. C. Cragin had a graphic report in the Santa Rosa Republican of which we first avail ourselves.

There were choice addresses, sweet fellowship, comprehensive plans, encouraging reports and earnest prayers. The genial Rev. T. T. Giffen of Fresno was elected moderator, and the versatile Rev. A. W. Palmer of the far-famed Plymouth church of Oakland, assistant moderator, and the faithful Rev. W. E. Eckles of Alturas, scribe. Rev. J. M. Campbell, the devout Scotch thinker, my, successor in a Wisconsin parish, had charge of the study period, and he spoke inspiringly of Experience, the Final Test in Religion, Efficiency in Prayer and the Power of Affirmation. Among the notable address were those of Rev. H. S. Bradley on Religion and the Nation, Mr. Arthur Arlett on California Dry, Rev. A. W. Palmer on John Muir, Rev. W. W. Willard on the Message of the Mountains to the Soul, Dean Norton of Pomona College on Our Congregational Schools in the Southern States, Rev. M. G. Papazian on the Situation in Turkey, and Rev. E. M. Isaac on the Home Missionary Society in the Open Country.

On Sunday evening there was a discussion of the topic, What Does Jesus Christ Mean to Me? President C. S. Nash of the Pacific Theological Seminary presided and introduced the four ten-minute speakers, Rev. L. D. Rathbone, Miss F. A. Dean, Rev. W. C. Pond and Rev. S. W. Wilcox. Rev. A. B. Patten preached on the Divinity of the Common Day and the Dignity of the Common Task, and Rev. Henry Ainsworth conducted the worship, with thoughtfulness, devoutness and dignity. In successive evenings around the campfire, F. E. Matthes of the U. S. Geological Survey gave a scholarly address on the Geology of the Yosemite. Rev. R. B. Larkin spoke instructively on the Cone Bearers of the Yosemite, and the Rev. C. S. Price gave his illustrated lecture on Hunting Big Game in Alaska. so successfully that he was asked to repeat it a later evening.

### Notes by Roy H. Campbell.

One of the most impressive meetings of all had not been arranged by the Program Committee. It was the out of door, early, Sunday morning service. It was held under the pines and cedars just a little to the right of the Happy Isle Trail. Rev. Harry Miles, of New Haven, chanced to be vacationing in Yosemite and coming into the conference on Saturday was the spotaneous choice for leader. The gathering was held at eight o'clock. The men and women sat on the ground with uncovered heads and gave informal and sincere expression through prayer and testimony to their love and adoration for the one who had made all the surpassing loveliness about them.

The poem, "A Hymn of God's Mountain," printed in the

Pacific for July 27 and commended to the Conference was read at this hour.

All the evening services save one were held about the campfire in the open. The men and women, who did not belong to the conference, seven or eight hundred of them, had of course come only for an outing. But the very evident cordially and sympathy which they expressed when without consultation they were made parties to the evening meeting was a source of satisfaction. The arrangement was entered on timidly but the hearty reception by the campers soon assured the committee that just the right thing had been done. The illustrated address by the Rev. Price, of Santa Rosa, a capital mixture of travel, adventure, humor and religion fairly captivated the audience so that it had to be repeated on a subsequent evening. Profoundly impressive on Sunday night was the simple sincere recital by four people of "what Jesus Christ means to me."

The program committee had avowedly arranged the addresses and discussions to bring the message which the out of doors has to utter in God's name. They were successful without a doubt. The walks in the valley, the severer climbs to the heights above, the noise of the waterfalls, and the constant glimpses of the valley walls which one was constantly tempted to take through the auditorium windows did not strike issue with the presentation of spiritual truths from the speakers. They blended in fine fashion. It is quite possible to take a vacation and have a conference at the same time with a program so wisely arranged.

There are certain well known advantages in having the Conference held in one of the churches. But there is one outstanding advantage apart from the outing in holding the conference in such a place occasionally as Yosemite Valley. The out of doors lends itself to lack of restraint and freedom of intercourse. The leaders of the church together for ten days there became more intimately acquainted. In Northern California we have not established a "retreat" as the weak misnomer of a very fine institution calls it. Other states have. We were able in Yosemite to get a taste of the experience which annually our Southern friends have at Avalon.

Dr. Buckham's paper on John McLean, read by Mr. Giffen, and Mr. Palmer's presentation of the life of John Muir, with some personal incidents taken from his acquaintance with the old man on Sierra Club outings, were intensely interesting. It really seemed that one could almost discern, a speck on North Dome which might have been John Muir sketching once more the outlines of the dear valley and mountains in which his soul delighted. Some of the delegates were afterward found with their ears to the friendly, but dreadfully bored trunk of the yellow pine "listening to the voice of the Tree."

Even the business, spiced with the breath of the pines, was interesting. Some good business was done. There was appointed a Congregational representative to work among the Christian Endeavorers of our churches. A carefully selected committee was appointed to care for the student work in the University of California. A vote was taken expressing our desire to have the National Council meeting changed to May. A new piece of work was done in advising the churches outside Associations to seek Association membership at once and suggesting the method of ordination of a candidate serving a church where a council is impractical.

Every one enjoyed Camp Curry. Mr. Curry was himself and that is the only description possible. The desire that this institution so greatly liked by thousands of visitors of the valley should not suffer by the program of the government to have all the hospitality arrangements of Yosemite under one management found expression in an unsolicited, spontaneous resolution. The Camp has a personality, an esprit de corps, a resistless energy, a something which makes it interesting wholly apart frmo the matchless bit of ground it occupies.

The delegates are sure now how Yosemite came to be. Prof. Mathis cleared it up. It was not made by an earthquake. It was not made by Glacial action. It was not cut by the Merced river. Those who have formerly advanced those theories are wrong. Prof. Mathis will have a book out soon setting forth just how it was made. And it will say that Yosemite was made by all the three processes combined. An hour and a half of geology when put in the non-scientific terminology of Prof. Mathis is instructive provided you are quite willing to turn traitor to your favorite theory and then return to it in diluted form.

If God made Yosemite Valley he is able to take adequate care of a lot of things which we had all been bothering and fussing about before we went there.

Some expert fishermen had a chance to show their skill. A number of delegates who would have never tasted the delicious mountain trout if they had been forced to depend on their own use of the rod and reel were supplied from the almost "limit" catches of Mr. Preston, Mr. Patton and Dr. Kelsey.

### The Work of the Ministerial Relief Society.

In his report for the Congregational Ministerial Relief Society of California, the Rev. Dr. Frear stated that $1767.62 had been disbursed during the year.

Four ministers and eight widows of ministers were aided. We quote from Dr. Frear's report: "You will note that is largely the widows who have received the welcome help. The husbands of all of them were among our most faithful, beloved, and useful ministers, not one of whom had been able to provide adequately for their dear ones. That you may better realize what this help has meant to its recipients I give a few expressions from their letters of acknowledgment. One brother wrote: 'The pensions so regularly received have lifted a great load of care from our minds. We have many times offered heartfelt thanks to God for the help and cheer thus afforded.'

Another brother wrote: 'The check came in time of need, as wife has been seriously ill." A short time after this was written she passed to her reward."

One woman wrote: "Words fail me when I try to express my appreciation and thankfulness. It touched my heart and the tears would come."

One who is eighty years old wrote: "I do not remember ever having seen times so hard; and this help is all the income I have personally."

Another wrote: "I wish you could know really what a help it has been to me. It costs money to be ill."

Dr. Frear urged that there be no slackening of effort on the part of the churches to do their full duty in this work.

"They should try to make sure that the full apportionment assigned in our plan of benevolences to this increasingly important cause is secured; and they should see to it that the cause itself looms larger and larger in the hearts of our people.

"Besides the regular contributions the directors will welcome most heartily individual gifts large or small, assuring the donors that their gifts will go without waste of any

sort, and to best advantage into this work that is so rich in blessings."

**Report of Committee On Proportionate Benevolence.**

Your committee beg to report that the apportionment continues to work successfully where the pastors of the churches are thoroughly familiar with the plan. We would suggest, however, that certain days be set apart during the year in every church for the consideration of the work of the various societies for whose existence we are responsible. A tendency to let down in this respect is sometimes developed under the apportionment plan, but no system will be successful that does not include systematic and persistent education on benevolent lines.

The amount of the budget this year has not been changed from that of last year, $42,000. It was deemed unwise to attempt to raise the deficit of last year, amounting to about $28,000, but rather to make a strenuous effort this year to meet the actual demands of the field, thus making our budget a dependable one.

The new departure by which the Conference treasurer receives and distributes the funds among the different societies seems to meet with universal favor. The fact that the work of the church treasurer is minimized does not interfere in any way with the contributions and the society treasurers seem equally well satisfied; at least we hear of no reactionaries. The equalizing of the distribution to a less complicated percentage basis seems also to be a success and has met with no opposition.

We would urge upon the men of all of our churches the same vital and effective interest in meeting the apportionment as is shown by the women's organizations. There is no doubt that if this could be brought about the work of the benevolent societies could be nearly doubled, and the field is wating for just such devotion and consecration.

**The Plan of the Committee on Religious Work at the University of California Approved by Resolution.**

**Whereas:** in the University of California, with its six thousand students, four Protestant denominations have each already employed a student secretary, whose whole time is devoted to the spiritual oversight of the students of that denomination; and

**Whereas:** The Congregational student group is one of the four largest groups in the University; therefore

**Be it Resolved:** That we heartily approve the plan of the Committe on Religious Work in the University to employ in this capacity Mr. Henry L. Kingman, graduate of Pomona College and of the Young Men's Christian Association Institute of Springfield, Mass., and who has conducted varied and successful work among students in eastern universities; and that we therefore highly commend this new enterprise to the Congregationalists of Northern California, in the hope that they will bear their full share in meeting this important responsibility; and that we strive to increase our gifts to this work from both churches and individuals to a total of $2,000, a sum representing our proper share in the general student Christian work and of our own Congregational secretary, Mr. Kingman, in particular.

**Notes.**

Rev. L. D. Rathbone was re-elected superintendent

Rev. L. C. Watson was appointed as the conference representative on relation with young People's Societies.

The Conference expressed itself as favoring the month of May rather than October for the regular meeting of National Council.

The business session which followed the dinner and the addresses the first evening was presided over by Assistant Moderator, E. C. Oakley.

A represenative of the Y. W. C. A. presented the attractions of Asilomar as a place for conference meetings and asked consideration thereof for future meetings.

Conference directors were elected as follows: Class of 1919, Revs. F. F. Farington, B. C. Preston, W. A. Schwimley, Carl W. Wolter, Prof. Tolson, Mr. E. T. Leiter, A. B. Patten.

The following named persons were invited to sit as corresponding members: Revs. J. M. Campbell, and H. B. Roberts of Southern California; Dean Norton of Pomona College, Mr. D. F. Fox, Mrs. Hubbell, Dr. Tracy and Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Bradley.

Among the resolutions adopted was one reading: "Resolved that we rejoice in the work recently undertaken by the conference trustees for the Indians, especially at Fort Bidwell; and as a conference we pledge them our loyal and earnest support in their efforts along this line.

By resolution also there was expression of great appreciation of the work of Deacon I. H. Morse as conference treasurer and of Dr. Walter Frear because of his work in connection with the Ministerial Relief and other affairs of our constituency.

Mr. Cragin writes in the Santa Rosa Republican of Camp Curry and its managers:

"Camp Curry has the best site in the valley, nestling under Glacier Point, secure and serene. The management of the camp is efficient, democratic, thoughtful and kindly. The majority of the porters and table help are young college students, male and female, earnest and aspiring, earning money in their vacations to continue their studies. The food is excellent and well served, and the charges for board and lodgings are so moderate and the conditions in general so satisfactory that the increase in the atendance at Camp Curry is phenomenal, and the rival hotels in the valley are trying to prevent the renewal of Mr. Curry's lease of the land, that they may have an unchallenged monopoly of high charges.

"David A. Curry has a stentorian voice and a big heart, and his cheery welcome and farewell and his halloos as the guests come and go, echo from mountain peak to mountain peak. His sturdy figure is matched by the grace and beauty and gentle dignity of Mrs. Curry, the lady caretaker of the camp, as the cliff is crowned by the waterfall."

**Committees.**

Nominating Committee: C. H. Stevens, R. H. Campbell, W. E. Eckles.

Business Committee: E. C. Oakley, E. Otto, Mrs. O. W. Lucas.

Resolutions Committee: G. E. Atkinson, M. J. Papazian, Mrs. G. W. Hinman.

Committee on Religious work in State University: Profs. Babcock and Kofoid, Dean Barrows, Revs. R. C. Brooks, S. C. Patterson, R. H. Campbell, A. W. Palmer, Pres. Nash, Mr. R. T. Fisher, Mrs. F. C. Turner, Dr. Romilda Paroni.

Committee on Co-operation with National Council: President Nash, Rev. Drs. Van Horn and Brooks.

Committee on Comity and Church Federation: Prof. Buckham, Revs. E. C. Oakley, W. W. Ferrier, T. T. Giffen and E. A. King.

Committee on Coast Depository: M. B. Fisher, Arthur Arlett, S. C. Patterson.

Seminary Visitors S. W. Wilcox, W. E. Eckles, R. H. Campbell.

Committee on Efficiency: F. J. Van Horn, G. E. Atkinson, C. S. Price, J. Brereton, C. H. Stevens, L. C. Watson, J. Eckhardt, M. L. Papazian, R. D. Douglass, W. A. Schwimley.

Directors of Board of Ministerial Relief, class 1919: Revs. W. C. Pond, R. C. Brooks, S. W. Wilcox, E. Owens, Mrs. O. W. Lucas and Dr. O. L. Elliott.

Missionary Education Committee: Rev M. B. Fisher, Mrs. Ray E. Gilson, Mrs. Frank J. Gordon.

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## LOOKING BACKWARD. VII.

### Glimpses of Pacific Coast Congregationalism in 1894.

Any one familiar with Southern California Congregationalism for the last two decades would fix on the coming of the Rev. Dr. Warren F. Day to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles in December 1894 as one of the most important events in Pacific Coast Congregationalism that year.

On the 3rd of December was begun a work which, carcarried on by father and son for more than twenty years, has been notable throughout the whole country.

The Pacific states that Dr. Day's reception on that first Sunday in December by the large congregation was "very cordial."

"He produced confidence. In the hour of first hearing the voice of one who has been chosen without a hearing, much may take place of great significance. It was evident to one who mingled freely with the people after the hour was past that much had been done to bring pastor and people together. There was a sense of freedom from constraint, a naturalness about it all which gave promise that the new chapter of church history would be full of interest and profit."

The sermon had two texts; one from the Old Testament; one from the New. "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" And "God so loved the world (man) that he gave his only begotten Son to save him."

The Pacific correspondent wrote: 'The Importance of Man—Creature of Two Worlds,' was the theme. The preacher was conscious of the limits of human language, and attempted no definition. His outlines were suggestive of larger unexpressed thought. He gave the impression of high ideals, substantial character and great earnestness. Speaking without notes, yet with perfect poise, the spirit of the prophet was subject to the prophet. It seems likely that out of his large heart will go forth prayer and sympathy and earnest effort for all the churches of our name in Southern California. We have been taught to look upon the First Church as peculiarly the church of all Southern California—as Los Angeles is the city to which all roads run, and which we call our city with peculiar tenderness. So may we feel in regard to this church, and so may this church feel towards all the others. May it be the ambition of our First Church to be great among us by being of service to all!"

We do not know who wrote that account of Dr. Day's first Sunday with the First Church of Los Angeles—whether President Baldwin of Pomona College, Superintendent Ford, or Field Secretary Case—but it was truly prophetic.

Dr. Warren F. Day did a great work in Southern California. He was a Christian shepherd—mindful of every interest. We never think of him without there coming to mind an incident on the exposition grounds at Portland. It was an afternoon when many children were in attendance and several times was Dr. Day approached by children with some inquiry, and always was he accosted as "Father!" Had they who made inquiry been adults we are sure the word would have been "Brother!"

It was the resignation of Rev. Dr. Robert G. Hutchins as pastor of the First Church of Los Angeles after six years of able service which opened up the way for this new pastorate.

Dr. Hutchins had been asked to consider a call to the pastorate of the Central Union Church of Honolulu with opportunity to spend several months there before deciding. In his letter of resignation he said concerning the Honolulu church: "It occupies a most important and strategical position. It is the base of a large and varied educational operations. It includes among its members and attendants a majority of the official representatives of the late provisional government and of the new republic. It has a magnificent house of worship and is strong numerically, socially, financially, and spiritually. While its pastor must have great responsibilities he would also have the amplest opportunities and means of usefulness and the most efficient cooperation."

In the course of his letter of resignation Dr. Hutchins said that he did not dare dwell upon the tenderest memories, but his heart was full to overflowing as he contemplated their work together and all would be ever tenderly remembered.

"The goodly fellowship of the noble company of our Congregational ministers of Southern California has been to me unspeakably precious. I shall bear away every one of them enshrined in the love of my heart. The Congregational ministerial brethren of the North have lost no chance to give me their greetings and cooperation. This church has shared with me the rich loving kindness of the Rev. Dr. McLean."

### Whitman College.

In September announcement was made of the resignations of President Eaton of Whitman College and the selection of the Rev. S. B. L. Penrose as his successor. "Mr. Penrose came to the state a few years ago as one of the Yale Band, and has been at Dayton where he has been quite successful as a pastor. He resigned at that place last June and went to the Hawaiian Islands where he has spent the summer in preaching, but is expected back in a few days. It is not known that he will accept, but his friends believe he will. He will have the support of the Yale Band, one of whom, E. L. Smith, is now pastor at Walla Walla; and he has the confidence of the Walla Walla people, the trustees and the Congregational churches of the state, especially of Eastern Washington. H knows well the conditions of the college as he has been secretary of the board of trustees the last year."

In The Pacific for December the 19th the Rev. E. J. Singer wrote from Spokane: Rev. S. B. L. Penrose, the recently elected president of Whitman College, has entered on his duties with a courage and zeal that bespeak ultimate success.* * * This institution must prosper. A monument built in remembrance of such deeds of selfsacrifice and lifegiving as were those of Dr. Whitman must stand. A college rooted and grounded in the prayers of a holy man such as Dr. Cushing Eells—who worked and toiled and sacrificed through all the years of his ministry in the Pacific Northwest, preaching, teaching, farming, with the one

thought, that of perpetuating the memory of the martyred Whitman, and also to found an institution that should be useful in God's work—must survive."

And the further announcement was that Dr. Pearsons of Chicago had promised to give $50,000 provided $150,000 additional be raised.

Twenty-two years have passed. Dr. Penrose is yet the president of the college. He has worked indefatigably to establish it securely. Though it has a fair-sized endowment today and good buildings the growth of the years demands constantly more and President Penrose continues the quest for funds near and far. Reed College at Portland and Whitworth at Spokane are circumscribing it, but if ever a college deserved to live it is Whitman.

**"After Twenty-Five Years."**

In September 1894 the Rev. H. E. Jewett contributed to The Pacific an article entitled "After Twenty-Five Years." We quote a paragraph:

"Only 35 of our 190 Congregational churches in the state were on our roll twenty-five years ago. Then there were but three Congregational churches in Southern California; now there are about 70. But twelve ministers then in the state are here today. Revs. W. C. Pond, I. W. Atherton, W. L. Jones and myself are the only ones then pastors who are pastors now. Then, California Congregationalists numbered 2,100; now there are more than 16,000. Congregationalism in the state has gained great momentum during these years; not in numbers only but also in organizations,—her clubs and conferences, her educational work: Pacific Theological Seminary, Pomona College, Hopkins Academy, Belmont School, and private institutions; also in her missionary work—the Woman's Board, the Woman's State Home Missionary Society, the California Home Missionary Society, and the California Chinese Mission; further, in her Sunday-school work as recently pushed, and in her benevolences which have kept up with growth in membership; while through all these years The Pacific has done for us more than we can estimate—in helping us to know each other and in enlarging our vision of the field."

**A Unique Church.**

Under the caption of "A Unique Church," the Rev. W. A. Tenney contributed the following in July: "The church at Rio Vista celebrated recently its 25th anniversary. In its past history and in its present character this church differs considerably from any other on the Pacific Coast. Its location is peculiar. In front of the little village is the Sacramento River, with its broad margin of tule swamps, fifteen miles wide, and in the opposite direction for fifteen miles immense grain fields cover all the hills and plains. With the exception of the M. E. Church, South, on an island six miles away, there is at present no other Protestant church service within the radius of twenty-five miles.

"The larger part of the people are widelly separated on their ranches. Of the older inhabitants—that is, those not born in that region—few were natives of the United States. They are chiefly Danes, Scotch, Irish, and Canadians. A valuable accession came from South Carolina. New England yankees have rarely made their homes there.

"The church at its organization and during the larger part of its history contained scarcely any original Congregationalists. The members generally were raised in the Lutheran, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, and the Methodist churches. But, though the church membership has always been so remarkably heterogeneous in its national and denominational elements, no church in the state has been uniformly more harmonious, or in matters of doctrine or polity, social and spiritual practices, more distinctively Congregational.

"The larger part of the congregation live from three to ten miles from the church. When the roads will permit, the big farm teams are hitched up, and whole families, from the cradle to three score years, are conveyed to the House of God.

"The church has had ten regular pastors, varying in terms of service from one to three and a half years. Two were college bred; four were seminary graduates without a college course; and four, not the least useful in their time, had neither college nor seminary training."

**Notes.**

It was in February 1894 that the Rev. Dr. George R. Wallace was called to the pastorate in First Church, Portland. Mr. Himes wrote in October: "Very large congregations are constantly in attendance, and the need for the new church building is very great. Happily the removal into the new home will be accomplished in a few weeks.

In February the Rev. J. H. Williams, who had been with the Redlands church about a year, was installed, this being the third installation in Southern California. The correspondent of The Pacific wrote: "The statement by Mr. Williams was brief, but so comprehensive and clear that it answered all questions which were important enough to be asked. He had no disposition to raise questions for the sake of answering them. A gentleman expressed to the writer his great pleasure in 'the simple, manly manner of the man.'

"In these days of ferment in thought it is a rare thing to find a conservative man able to express himself without a fling at the more radical. From Mr. Williams' paper no one would gather that he knew of any controversies."

In The Pacific for March 21, 1894, we read: "In the month of March two years ago the little church at Snohomish, Washington, numbered but 25 resident members. It had a debt of $2,550, and to finish and furnish the building would cost $1500 more. The Church Building Society came to the rescue and the building was completed. The church extended a call to Rev. W. C. Merritt and started soon on an era of enlargement." And then the statement was that on the 4th of March 1894 forty-four persons were received to membership, and that all but nine of the ninety-eight members were present at the communion service.

In May this note concerning Pacific Theological Seminary appeared: The accession of Dr. J. K. McLean to the presidency which took place at the recent commencement, marks a decided step in advance. While his attention will be chiefly given to the general administration of the Seminary and especially to its constructive work, he will also superintend the practical training of the students in direct Christian work and give frequent lectures upon pastoral methods."

The Rev. Dr. F. B. Cherington entered on the pastorate of the Westminster Congregational Church, Spokane, in May. In December in an announcement as to his installation the word was that his work had been attended with most excellent result. Dr. Willett came from Spokane to Pilgrim Church, Oakland, late in the year 1893, and on the 31st of December that year the First Congregational Church of Spokane and Westminster Presbyterian Church were united with the name Westminster Congregational Church.

Superintendent Baily gave the sermon and conducted the services of union.

In June 1894 the Sunnyside Church, Portland, where the Rev. Dr. J. J. Staub, a graduate of Pacific Theological Seminary, has been pastor since 1892, the year of his ordination, began its independent existence. Previously it was a branch of the First Church. The last Year Book gives a membership for the flourishing Sunnyside Church of 485 and property valued at $65,000.

In November the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Hoyt entered on the pastorate at Sacramento. The attendance at church the first Sunday was much larger than ever before and all were heartened by the sermon and personality of the new pastor.

In December the word from Pomona was to the effect that Pilgrim Church had 322 members, nearly six times the number that Dr. Frary had found there six and a half years before.

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## NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Secretary Wikoff of the Church Building Society started East on Tuesday of this week.

The Rev. and Mrs. T. G. Lewis of Angeles Camp are in Berkeley for the month of August.

The Rev. F. C. Rolls, recently pastor at Monroe, Washington, is at Saratoga for two months as supply.

The pulpit of Mission Congregational Church, San Francisco, will be occupied next Sunday by the Rev. Dr. James M. Campbell.

The pulpit of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco will be occupied for the next four Sundays by the Rev. George Laughton of Hilo.

The Rev. and Mrs. Henry Miller have been spending their vacation in Berkeley. Mr. Miller is pastor of the Union Church at Farmersville, near Visalia.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco the Rev. Dr. James M. Campbell will speak on "Development in Prayer-Thought and Life."

Dr. Van Horn is giving in the First Church, Oakland, on Sunday evenings, some "book-review sermons". Last Sunday evening the book was "Living Letters from a Dead Man".

Rev. Charles C. Champlin, of Pittsburg, California, wishes The Pacific to warn other pastors against two women, who are touring about, together, taking orders for books for a Chicago House. They duped him.

Bethlehem Church, San Francisco, of which the Rev. A. B. Snider is pastor, rejoices now over a church edifice suitable to the needs of the work. The expenditure of three thousand dollars has given them practically a new building.

This note appeared on the calendar of First Church, San Francisco, last Sunday: "Dr. and Mrs. Bradley leave to-morrow for their Massachusetts home. It has been a rare privilege to have them with us, and they will take with them the love and affection of many in this congregation."

The Rev. Charles D. Milliken has come from Waimea, Hawaii, to enter on the pastorate in the Union Church in Piedmont, the fine residence suburb of Oakland. A building suited to the needs of the growing work is in prospect. Mr. Milliken was pastor at Cupertino before going to Waimea.

Dr. Van Horn of First Church, Oakland, gave not long ago a sermon on "Trees". Many requests have been made for it. Accordingly the announcement on last Sunday's calendar was in effect that when everybody is back from vacation it will be repeated, and a stenographic report being taken, it will be printed in pamphlet form.

The pulpit of First Church, Berkeley, will be occupied next Sunday by the Rev. H. R. Miles, a former pastor, now of New Haven, Connecticut. August the 20th President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary will speak, and on the 27th the Rev. F. Goodsell. Dr. Brooks will be back from Honolulu for the first Sunday in September.

Pacific Theological Seminary opens for the year 1916-17 on Monday the 21st of August. The address at the opening services will be given by the Rev. Miles B. Fisher on "Dangers in Religious Education. Hour: 11 a. m. In order that the ministers may have the opportunity to attend there will be no meeting of the ministers that day in San Francisco.

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## THE WORK OF THE BOULEVARD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF OAKLAND.

Boulevard Congregational Church, during the months of May, June and July enjoyed one of the most successful periods in its history.

Rev. J. B. Orr, who assumed charge of the church in May, is a very progressive man and he has received the support of the community in putting many excellent ideas into effect.

The usual slump in church attendance during the vacation period did not occur this year but, on the contrary, there were gains in all departments. July was a "Yosemite Month"—each Sunday morning the pastor drew a spiritual lesson from some of the wonders of the valley. On Friday evenings at the church there were stereoptican views and motion pictures showing the grandeur and beauty of Yosemite. The motion pictures have done more toward increasing the church attendance than any other feature of the church work—especially has it helped the Sunday School. Each Friday evening the auditorium is filled with people and a varied program of a high order is given. A free-will offering is taken which more than pays all expenses of the show.

In June, the pastor organized a Truth class which meets Wednesday evening of each week in the homes—lessons in self-help are discussed, the pastor treating the spiritual side of the question while the scientific phase is discussed by Dr. DePuy, a prominent physician of the community. About forty men and women enjoy these sessions each week.

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## INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

Our Chautauqua week has just closed at Spokane. The program was of a high order and appreciated by fair audiences.

The Congregational ministerial alliance had a picnic at Liberty lake this week. About a dozen ministers and fami-

lies had a splendid time swimming, boating and eating.

Sunday morning services are continued in the churches with preaching by the pastors.

Mrs. T. H. Harper, has returned from a trip to Oklahoma where she attended the golden wedding of her parents,

One of the leading hotels of the city is prosecuted for violating the prohibition law, and owner and others fined and likely to be imprisoned. Others are likely to be prosecuted and that vigorously.

The reduction in county expenses so far this year has been over $32,000, due to prohibition. Not a drunken man can be seen on our streets.

On Wednesday of this week, Miss Helen Walters, a graduate of the University of California and the daughter of Rev. T. W. Walters, was united in marriage to William LeRoy Follette Jr. son of Congressman LaFollette. The groom is one of the most promising young lawyers of Whitman county.

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### IN MEMORY OF ISABEL FARQUHARSON.

**(My Sunday School teacher 1859-1862, to whom I owe much.)**

**W. W. Lovejoy.**

Into this House of life we come at birth;
And ere we leave it many rooms there be
That wait our entry till we are set free
From all the toil and tariff of the earth,
That to the soul oft seem of lesser worth—
O'erhung with cloud, enwrapped in mystery.
Meanwhile the Unrevealed we wait to see,
And know the quiet gains of loss and dearth.

Yet there's a chamber that the soul doth know,
Which Memory hath set apart,—a shrine;
Thither at Life's Vesper-bell we go,
And, in the pictured sacristy, divine
Faces of beauty through the tapers glow;
And one, dear teacher of our youth, is thine.

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### A PERSIAN ODE.

**1050 A. D.**

In the market, in the cloister—only God I saw.
In the valley and on the mountain—only God I saw,
Him I have seen beside me oft in tribulation.
In favor and in fortune—only God I saw.
In prayer and fasting, in praise and contemplation,
In the religion of the prophet—only God I saw.
Neither soul nor body, accident nor substance,
Qualities nor causes—only God I saw.
I opened my eyes and by the light of his face around me,
In all the eye discovered—only God I saw.
Like a candle I was melting in his fire;
Amidst the flames outflashing—only God I saw.
Myself with mine own eyes I saw most clearly,
But when I looked with God's eyes—only God I saw,
I passed away into nothingness. I vanished,
And lo, I was the All-living—only God I saw.

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The whole of sufism rests on the belief that when the individual self is lost, the Universal Self is found, or, in religious language, that ecstasy affords the only means by which the soul can directly communicate and become united with God.

### SCIENCE AND FAITH.

A superficial acquaintance with science leads to unbelief; profounder knowledge leads to faith. The so-called "Knickerbocker" philosopher is usually bitterly antagonistic to religion; but the man of deepest acquaintance with the mysteries of life is apt to be a childlike believer. Of course, the "faith" of the great scientists is not necessarily the "orthodox" faith, but it is faith as opposed to materialism; it is theism as opposed to materialism. It recognizes God as the Creator and believes in his vital contact with the universe. Here are a few words of scientists, taken at random:

Pasteur: "I have found God under the microscope."

Von Baer: "A stupendous but reasonable miracle is the universe; were it created without an intelligent plan it would be a greater miracle still."

Justus Von Liebig: "Nature study teaches us to recognize, in his works and acts, the history of the omnipotence and the unfathomable wisdom of an infinitely higher being."

Lord Kelvin: "Science confirms the intervention of a creative power at the beginning of life."

Oersted: "The effect of Christianity on the world is the greatest proof of its divine power."

De Candolle: "The Christian religion is the only one which has favored the sciences."

Du Bois-Raymond: "The later natural science, however paradoxical it may sound, owes its origin to Christianity."

Keppler: "I thank thee, O Lord and Creator, for all the joy I experienced in the state of amazement to which a view of thy works has reduced me."

Linnaeus: "The eternal God passed by me. What power and wisdom and perfection in all his works!"

Jurien de la Graviere: "Botany has at all times had the priviledge of forming saints and sages. It admires the Creator in his works."

Ch. Lyell, a friend of Darwin: "Wherever we direct our investigations of nature we discover everywhere the clearest proof of a creative intelligence."

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# For The Children.

### WHAT PEGGY LENT.

Peggy watched Mrs. Toomey go away with a look of relief on her tired face.

"O, mamma," Peggy said, "I wish I could lend something to somebody, too-".

"Well, why not?" mamma said cheerily.

"Truly?"

Peggy hurried to the door, but Mrs. Toomey's calico dress was just a little blur of dingy red in the distance. It was too late to call her back.

"And there isn't anybody else with seven little mites o' children and a landlord," Peggy said, coming back into the kitchen slowly.

"Besides," she added, as a sudden afterthought, "I spent my ten cents—I forgot!"

Mamma smiled. She had just taken out a pan of sugar cookies and she selected two of the golden-brownest ones and tucked them, all warm and spicy, into Peggy's hands.

"Never mind, dear heart," she said, "there are other people to lend to, besides Mrs. Toomey, and plenty of other

things to lend besides money. Now run out on the piazza steps and eat your cookies."

It was cool and shady out on the front piazza, but just outside thereach of the great leafy branches of the linden tree how sunny and hot! Peggy munched her cookies and pitied the people going up and down the street. She made believe the avenue was the Desert Sahara, and it really did make a good one. There was such a wide stretch of glaring white dust to cross, from curb to curb. Only of course —Peggy laughed at the idea—of course there wasn't a steady procession of camels going up and down the Desert of Sahara! On the avenue the cam—I mean the horses and the cars went back and forth always.

"There goes that blind music teacher—he's going to cross the Desert o' Sa'rah," mused Peggy, lazily. "He always stops the longest time and listens, first. I shouldn't like to cross the Desert o' Sa'rah in the pitch dark, either —my, no!"

Out on the curbstone the blind man waited and listened. His face was turned toward Peggy, sidewise, and it looked anxious and uncertain. There were so many wheels rumbling by! The hot sun beat down on his head pitilessly.

"He's going to give Tillie Simmons a music les—" but Peggy never finished that word. A sudden wave of pity swept over her. The next moment the blind man on the corner felt a little cool hand slip into his and a shy voice was saying something in his ear.

"It's me—I'm Peggy," it said. "I'll lead you 'cross the Desert o' Sa'rah, just as soon as that 'lectric car goes by—there, now!"

Together they crossed the wide, hot avenue in a whirl of dust. Peggy's bare yellow head caught the sunlight like a nugget of gold. Her earnest, care-stricken little face was red and moist. On the further curbing she slipped away and ran across again, back to the rest of her cooky on the piazza steps. By and by she remembered the return trip the blind man must make.

"I'm going back there and wait for him, so's not to miss him," she decided, promptly, and away she flew.

But it was hot—my!—on the other side of the avenue! There was no linden tree over there, and Peggy thought it wouldn't be polite to sit on other people's doorsteps.

"Tillie Simmons takes pretty long music lessons," she thought, with definite sympathy for Tillie and a general compassion for everybody else who had to wait round on sunny avenues, without a haton.

The return trip across the Desert of Sahara was made safely and the blind man plodded his careful way home with a happy spot in his heart. And Peggy—Peggy went home with a glad spot, too. She had never thought to be glad for her eyes before.

Mamma opened the window and beckoned to Peggy. "Well, was it as nice as you thought, dear?" she said, smilingly.

"What?—was what as nice, mamma?" asked puzzled Peggy.

"Lending things to people."

"Why! why, I haven't lended a single thing to anybody, mamma!"

"No, not a single thing—two things,, dear. I think you must have enjoyed it very much."

Peggy looked decidedly astonished. What in the world had she lent to anybody?—two things, mamma said— mamma said such funny things.

"O!" cried Peggy, suddenly, laughing up at mamma. Then her face sobered and grew gentle.

"Yes—O, yes, I liked it, mamma, "she said.

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**OUR IMMEDIATE BUSINESS TO BE RIGHT OURSELVES.**

Our own way of being wrong is all right in our own eyes: our neighbor's way of being wrong is offensive to all that is good in us; we are anxious, kindly anxious, to pull the mote out of his eye, never thinking of the big beam in the way of the operation. Our immediate business is to be right ourselves. Until we are, even our righteous indignation is wasted.—George Macdonald.

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The most truly religious thing that a man can do is to fight his way through habits and deficiencies, and back to pure, manlike elements of his nature, which are the ineaceable traces of the divine workmanship, and alone really worth fighting for.—Weiss.


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